

## SPARKS OF MIRTH.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way  
And merrily hent the stile-a,  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Time is a good deal like a mule. It is better to go ahead of time than behind time.

To make a cord of wood go a great way—leave it out doors. It has been known to go two miles.

A little boy said he would rather have the earache than the toothache, because he wasn't compelled to have his ear pulled.

"Telegraph blue" is a new color. It is the shade of a man's face when he gets a despatch from his broker asking for more margin.

Kitty was five years old when she asked, "How old do girls have to be when they don't need spanking, grandpa?" "Older than any I ever saw," growled the old cross-patch.

A passer-by gives two cents to a beggar. "Thank you for your good intention" said the beggar, "but I no longer accept cents. They did very well when I began to beg, but now—"

A young girl, being asked recently as she returned from the circulating library with the latest new novel if she had ever read Shakespeare? Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

An elderly man in Boston is so polite and loving that when he is dining with the young lady of his heart he puts syrup on his bald head to attract the flies and prevent them from annoying her.

An agricultural editor says: "Plant your pitchforks under the shade of your cherry-trees, points up. Should your neighbor's boy fall from the tree, they might prevent him from striking the ground."

'It's very easy to start false reports. Just because a Philadelphia woman, while buying a broom, wanted one with a handle and strong handle, it was reported that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century; woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." An American editor adds, "We can't guess her, but will never give her up—no, never!"

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing. Call that kindness?" "Yes; unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

A Georgia negro, while fishing, fastened his line to his leg for safety. He was soon seen to go overboard, and when his body and the fish were recovered it took the coroner two days to determine whether the negro drowned the fish or the fish drowned the negro.

A lad who had been bathing was in the act of dressing himself, when one of his shoes rolled down the rock and disappeared in the water. In attempting to rescue it, he lost the other one also; whereupon, contemplating his feet with a most melancholy expression, he apostrophized, "Well, you're a nice pair of orphans, ain't you?"

"In de good ole times," says brother Gardner, "men stole an' cheated an' lied, an' played hypocrite, jist de same as men do now, an' if de women didn't gad quite so often dey gossiped jist as much. De man who sighs fur de good ole times am frowin' away his breath, an' dar am a dim suspishun in my mind dat he am lazy an' shiftless. De pusson who can't play his hand wid de world of to-day am either light in de head or wobbly in de knees."

On the bank of the Kennebec River, a few miles below Bath, lives an old lady. Years ago she cried so violently when about to be married that it was with difficulty she could be pacified. On being interrogated as to the cause of her great grief, she replied that it made her sad to think she was to live so near the steep bank of the river, where her children would daily be in danger of falling over and being drowned. The lady has now lived there about fifty years, and has never had a child.

## LITERARY LINKLETS.

"Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the freeso—Authors."

Herbert Spencer is a victim of insomnia.

Scherer's "History of German Literature" is being translated into English.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has begun in the *Independent* a series of poems on love, under the title of "Liber Amoris."

Mr. George J. Holyoake was at one time a "social missionary" at Birmingham on a pittance of four dollars a week.

The original manuscript of a part of the late William H. Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard" fetched \$25 at the recent sale of his library.

Mr. George Elliott, of Boston, now the possessor of Whit-tier's birthplace at Haverhill, intends to preserve it as a permanent monument to the poet.

Lieutenant-General Bogdanovich, author of a "History of the Art of War," and of many other works on military subjects, is dead in his seventy-seventh year.

Mr. Tennyson lives most of the time at Hazelmere, in Surrey, only occasionally visiting his villa at Faringford, Isle of Wight, which was his favorite residence till 1869.

Among the MSS. of the late James Thompson are an elaborate poem called "The Doom of the Dity," a shorter poem, entitled "The Happy Poet," and essays on Shelley and Heine.

The *Athenaeum* announces that, in deference to the wishes of members of the Leigh and Byron families, it will postpone for the present, the publication of the correspondence in its possession relating to Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh.

Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," that nestles in the hills of Sudbury, just half way between Boston and Worcester, is known to be two hundred and twenty years old, and believed to be much older. It is on the Howe Farm, and from it swung the sign of the Red Horse a hundred years ago. It is now rented, and visitors are shown over it for a small compensation.

It seems that 2,991 books were published in America last year, besides those privately issued. The *Publishers' Weekly* estimates the number of copies sold at 3,000,000. These figures give an idea of the extent of the book trade, and show pretty conclusively that a great many people read American books in these days. As classified, the report stands as follows: Fiction, 587; juvenile, 334; biography, memoirs, correspondence, etc., 212; educational, language, 157; descriptive, travel, etc., 164; medical science, hygiene, etc., 190; poetry and drama, 169; literary, history and miscellany, 129; political and social science, 86; history, 108; useful art, commerce, 77; law and government, 76; physical science, mathematics, etc., 89; fine arts, illustrated works, 57; domestic and rural, 38; amusements, sports, etc., 21; humor and satire, 35; music, church and school, 23; mental and moral philosophy, 27; and books of reference, 71.

"No literary movement," says H. H. Boyesen in the *Christian Union*, "even in the most out-of-the-way corners of the globe, escaped Mr. Longfellow's notice, and his catholic spirit was always ready to recognize what was good, even in movements which were opposed to his own taste and temperamental bias. As for his opinion of individual authors, it was almost too universal to be as valuable as his great name would have made it; and the leniency of his judgment has become proverbial. He had a constitutional aversion for inflicting pain, and where he knew that a word from him would cheer he silenced his conscience for the moment and gave it. As a fellow-poet, who loved him the more on account of this amiable weakness, once said of him: 'Longfellow is a most unscrupulous praiser. He is to blame for at least a dozen poets who ought to have been strangled at birth.' Hardly has a volume of verse been published in the United States during the last fifty years a copy of which was not sent to Mr. Longfellow, accompanied by a note from the author, demanding in very respectful language 'his honest opinion.' On his study table there were always a number of these fresh poetic volumes, smelling yet of the damp paper, and their fly-leaves usually bore some more or less extravagant inscription expressive of the author's regard."